

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI.

MARCH, 1878.

No. 11.



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Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

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OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Board of Incorporators will be held on Monday, March 11, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The annual report will be presented, the Board of Trustees elected, and any vacancies in the corps of Incorporators will be filled. A full attendance of members of the Board is desired.

PERMANENT WORK.

WE have been thinking, recently, of the work which we do, as regards the future of the children, whether the good effects of training to right living are permanent or not, and we are often met with the same query from friends who are interested in our work, and we had the query solved for us, in some instances at least, recently. We went on an errand regarding one of our former inmates, to a town in Connecticut, and while there made calls upon some of the good people who have sheltered children from here. We were very much pleased indeed to learn the news of good behavior in most instances. To be sure the children had not been perfect, and where are there such, still the deficiencies were not of a moral character but of lack of application, which might well be said of a good many of superior birth and education, and which may be overcome by patient, painstaking labor. We came back encouraged with the knowledge that there are good grounds for believing that our work has an influence of permanency in its character which encourages us to continue in season and out.

MOTHER.

EARLY, one summer morning,
I saw two children pass ;
Their footsteps, slow yet lightsome,
Scarce bent the tender grass.

One, lately out of babyhood,
Looked up with eager eyes ;
The other watched her wistfully,
Oppressed with smothered sighs.

" See, mother !" cried the little one,
" I gathered them for you ;
The sweetest flowers and lilies,
And Mabel has some too."

" Hush, Nelly," whispered Mabel,
" We have not reached it yet,
Wait till we get there darling,
It isn't far, my pet."

" Get where ?" asked Nelly. " Tell me."
" To the churchyard," Mabel said.
" No! no?" cried little Nelly,
And shook her sunny head.

Still Mabel whispered sadly,
" We must take them to the grave.
Come, darling?" and the childish voice
Tried to be clear and brave.

But Nelly still kept calling
Far up into the blue ;
" See, mother, see how pretty !
We gathered them for you."

And when her sister pleaded,
She cried—and would not go : —
" Angels don't live in churchyards,
My mother don't, I know!"

Then Mabel bent and kissed her,
" So be it, dear," she said ;
" We'll take them to the arbor
And lay them there instead.

For mother loved it dearly,
It was the sweetest place ;"
And the joy that came to Nelly
Shone up in Mabel's face.

I saw them turn, and follow
A path with blossoms bright,
Until the nodding branches
Concealed them from my sight.

But still, like sweetest music,
The words came ringing through :
" See, mother, see, how pretty !
We gathered them for you."
—*Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.*

LITTLE SANDIE.

AWAY off in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said :

" Please, sir, buy some matches?"

" No, I don't want any," the gentleman said.

" But they are only a penny 'a box," the little fellow pleaded.

" Yes, but you see we do not want a box," the gentleman said again.

" Then I will give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

" And so to get rid of him," the gentleman who tells the story says, " I bought a box. But then I found I had no change ; so I said :

" I will buy a box to-morrow."

" Oh! do buy them the nicht, if ye please," the boy pleaded again. " I will rin and get ye the change : for I am verra hungry."

" So I gave him the shilling : and he started away, and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling : but still there was that in the boy's face that I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well,

late in the evening a servant came, and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags as if seeking for something, and then said :

"Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?"

"Yes."

"Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o'yer shillin'. Sandie canna come, he's no weel. A cart ran over him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your seven pence ; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a' and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo," putting fourpence down on the table ; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs.

"So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken stepmother ; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings ; he knew me as soon as I came in, and said : ' I got the change, sir, and was coming back ; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And oh, Reuby, little Reuby ! I am sure I am deen' ! and who will take care o' ye, Rueby, when I am gane ? What will ye do, Reuby ? '"

Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me ; then the light went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment

He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast ;
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuby, and to be a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it—just the last thing he ever did hear ; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad stepmother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels. And I think the angels would take him and hold him until one came with the sweetest, kindest face you ever saw ; and that was Jesus. And he said :

"Suffer the little child to come unto me," and then he took him in his arms and blessed him. And then Sandie's own father and mother would come and bear him away to their own home ; for in our Father's house are many mansions ; and Sandie lives there now. And I think that the angels, who have never known any pain, who never wore rags or sold matches or were hungry or cold, came to look at Sandie in his new home, and wonder and say to one another :

"That is the little boy that kept his word and sent back the fourpence when he was hungry and faint, and both his legs were broken, and he lay a-dying."

—*English Methodist Recorder.*

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia."*

WHAT WE DO WITH DONATIONS.

WE are asked often how we manage to use the donations sent us, and some of our friends have been questioning as to whether we really do use the articles sent. We quote the following note to answer for ourselves.

FEBRUARY 13, 1878.

DEAR BRO. BARNARD :

On the day of the above date I ship to the Five Points, for the deserving suffering poor, three more boxes, the contents of which I have, by persevering effort and labor, obtained of the kind friends of this village. I am aware that some of the articles are much worn and yet I suppose, by the RECORD which you publish, that even such are acceptable by you. I am told by a certain man of this place, who says he has lived in New York, that these second-hand garments and boots and shoes, etc., that are sent to you and other institutions, are *never used* by you, but are sold at the brokers for cash, etc.

I should have sent sooner if the deep snow had not prevented. Hard work has brought it around. I hope some good will grow out of it.

Yours truly,

J. D.

We desire positively to say that the above statement of the disposal of goods is not true, as far as we are concerned. We do not know the details of the workings of all the Institutions in New York and so cannot vouch for the facts as far as others are concerned, but for the House of Industry we emphatically say that we do not have second-hand clothes to sell. Our trouble is to get enough and we are never troubled with a surplus. If our readers could see how hard we labor to make both ends meet they would be satisfied that we make the most of everything that is sent to us. We are not gifted with omnipotence, of course, and so we cannot be expected to new-create old articles from which every vestige of strength is gone, but if there is any goodness left in the material we can use it in some shape or other and do use. Because articles are out of style or the colors are not fashionable are no reasons why we cannot use the donation and we never allow anything of that sort to influence us. A city dry-goods firm recently sent us a lot of pieces of calico which had come to them on sample cards. Most of the pieces were unlike any others in figure but near in color, and although the squares in some instances were hardly six inches large yet they were put together until we made a goodly number of dresses and aprons good for immediate use. Anything then and everything can be used, and is welcome.

BABY MARION IN CHURCH.

BABY MARION went to meeting
To hear her grandpa preach :—
" 'Tis 'Tismas time, I must be dood,
I mus'nt laugh nor skeepch.

" I've got my new boo dess on,
And my pitty feddered hat,
And my han'chief in my 'ittle muff
That's like Aunt Jane's white cat."

So Marion went to meeting,
As a rose-bud sweet and fair.
She piped up in the singing,
And bowed her head in prayer.

She waved her wee lace handkerchief
To her little playmate, Grace,
And tried to wipe a sunbeam
From off her mamma's face.

She threw kisses to a lady
Who sat across the aisle;
Gave Dr. Meade some candy,
Which made the deacon smile.

She climbed upon a foot-stool,
Whispering, " Danma, ain't I tall ?
I wish danpa'd look down here,
But then, perhaps he'd fall."

Then Marion went home again
And jumped on papa's knee :—
" We all have been to meetin',
'Cause we are dood, you see ;

And danpa peeched : ' A 'ittle baby
Slept in a barn with cows ;
And men came and div him pesents,
And then they made him bows."

—*Christian Register.*

" CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR."

AMY sat at one end of the porch with a " Moody and Sankey Hymn-Book" in her hand. Robbie, in his little chair beside her, fixed his sky-blue eyes upon the page, and joined his little voice with hers. At the other end of the piazza was gathered a group of three, two of whom were busily engaged in counting the buttons of Nellie's summer suit to the old familiar " Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," which every child has heard so many times.

Nellie herself, who was somewhat younger than her companions, listened intently, waiting for the verdict with anxious eyes. At last it came.

" It's a beggar man ! It's a beggar man ! O-h, Nellie Richmand, you're going to marry a beggar man !"

" I ain't."

" Yes, you are ; it says so."

" I wouldn't go with any beggar man."

" He'll *make* you," was Miss Katy's comforting rejoinder.

" If I'm a big woman, he *can't*."

" But you never *will* be a big woman," put in Angie. " Mother says it isn't natural to your family."

Nellie looked very sober. Seeing her discomfiture, her mischievous companions went on remorselessly :

" Oh, no. *You'll* never be a big woman. He'll just take you up, and put you in his pocket."

Nellie was silent for a moment, then she exclaimed, half relieved : " There's *little* beggar men, too."

" But you won't get a little one. I *know* you won't," said fun-loving Angie.

" Why not ?"

"Oh, because you won't. They're too *scarce*. Just think of going about the streets, with a dirty white bag, for bread crusts!"

"I wouldn't do it, *never*."

"Just hear those *children*," cried Katy, with a glance at Amy and Robbie.

And, indeed, it was something to hear Amy's shrill treble, as it quavered and quivered, away up among the high notes of one of the most popular melodies.

"*H-o-l-d t-h-e f-o-r-t, for we are coming*;" Robbie straggling in at the last, "*We are c-o-m-i-n-g*."

"You won't get there at present, if you drag along like that," said Katy. "Come here. *I'll* show you how to sing it."

"No. This is a good way," replied Amy, complacently; and "This is a good way, echoed dear little Robbie.

"Very well; only I am afraid the fort won't hold out till you get there, that's all," quoth Katy sarcastically; then she turned to Nellie again:

"He'll take you with him *always* and *perhaps* he'll make you take his arm."

"No; *he wouldn't*!" said poor Nellie, with the courage of desperation.

"But you'd have to. People always have to do just exactly as their husbands tell them to."

"Yes," chimed in Angie. "They *always* have to; but maybe he won't make you take his arm *all* the time. He'll let you carry the bag some."

"If you'll let him have all the softest bread crusts," said Katy.

"And the best pieces of cake."

"And the newest bits of meat."

Foolish little Nellie! Knowing by sad experience that her companions were pitiless *teases*, she yet allowed herself to be tormented. Her large eyes grew larger yet. Her lip quivered.

"*D-a-r-e* to be a *D-a-n-i-e-l*;" sang Robbie, whose thoughts were divided between his little friend at one end of the piazza, and his hymn-book at the other.

"You'll see a good deal of the world, *perhaps*," said Angie, unheeding. "Our old rag-man goes down to the beach every year."

"Yes," said Katy, "and, if we happen to be down there at any of the hotels, you know, we can give you half a custard now and then."

"Or a piece of berry pie, perhaps."

"Or some ginger cakes when we're done with them."

"Or a cup of cold tea in the kitchen."

"I wouldn't drink it; I wouldn't eat your old pies," said Nellie indignantly,

"Well *he* would."

"You'd have to come to it if you were *very* hungry."

"Perhaps he'd take you up among the mountains," said Katy. "And then you'd be sure to take cold. Beggars always have *dreadfully* thin *shawls*."

"*A-w-a-y on the m-o-u-n-t-a-i-n-s cold and b-a-r-e*," sang Robbie; then he stopped suddenly, and listened.

"Yes, people freeze to death up there sometimes."

"I wouldn't go," said Nellie, almost with a sob.

"You'd have to, if he said so," Angie went on.

"Think of climbing a steep hill before breakfast."

"Just for a cup of coffee, and a slice of bread."

"Or a bit of tough steak."

"Or a chicken bone.

"If they kept a dog, he might bite you," said Katy, with a sly wink at Angie.

The little girls were becoming unconsciously cruel. Robbie felt it to the depths of his innocent heart.

"Away from the t-e-n-d-e-r s-h-e-p-h-e-r-d's care;" piped Amy, intent only upon her page.

He couldn't stand it. He dropped his half of the book, and, rising from his little chair, trotted over to Nellie, and put his arms round her neck. She was crying bitterly now, and the girls were looking remorsefully at each other.

"We were only joking, Nellie; *don't* cry," said Angie.

"You won't have to marry him if you don't want to," said Katy.

"And, if you *do* marry him, you needn't mind him."

"No, of *course* not. We were only in fun."

"He won't make you take his arm unless you *want* to."

"Beggars don't want wives, any way."

"No, indeed. Who ever saw a beggar man with a wife! They never get married."

But all this failed to console Nellie. She thought, with reason, that she had been hardly dealt with, and her little heart was almost broken. She felt the gentle pressure of Robbie's caressing arm, and looked up into his face with streaming eyes.

"You *shan't* have any old meat, Nellie," said he. "Bring your husb'n' up to my house. You shall have lemon pies 'n' crem-cakes, 'n' pudden', 'n' chick'ns. You *shan't* be all cold, Nellie. I'll give you a-a-*nauful* thick shawl 'n' mittens."

Nellie wept more softly. Katie and Angie looked a little amused, but still repentant.

"Yes," said the latter. "And she needn't have any husband at all, if she doesn't want to."

"Yes, she shall have a husb'n'," remarked Robbie eagerly. "She shall bring her husb'n' an' I'll bring my husb'n', an' if they make too much noise we'll take my big gun an' shoot 'em, quick as *that*."

"That" referred to a loud snap, dexterously made by a certain little thumb and finger.

Robbie's idea of husbands was certainly a very vague one, nor was Nellie's much clearer. She only knew that the subject was a painful one just now, and breathed more freely at the thought of such summary disposal of the same.

Kate and Angie smiled half contemptuously at the ignorance of "*those children*," but they were not sorry to see the sun peeping out from behind the rain clouds in Amy's bright eyes. They even questioned whether it were brave and womanly to say or do any thing to bring a shadow to so sweet a face, even if its owner were a "silly little thing," and made good resolutions for the future which they whispered to each other afterward.

Meanwhile, from the other end of the piazza still rang the childish voice

"O, that will be Heav-*un* for me-e-c,
Yes, that will be Heav-*un* for me."

—Mary C. Bartlett, in *Congregationalist*.

A MOTHER'S DIARY.

MORNING! Baby on the floor,
 Making for the fender;
 Sunlight seems to make it sneeze,
 Baby "on a bender?"
 All the spools upset and gone,
 Chairs drawn into file,
 Harnessed strings all strung across,
 Ought to make one smile.
 Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue
 (How these charms will dwindle!)
 'Or I rather think—don't you?—
 Baby "is a swindle."

Noon! A tangled, silken floss,
 Getting in blue eyes;
 Apron that will not keep clean,
 If a baby tries!
 One blue shoe untied, and one
 Underneath the table;

Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys
 Well as they are able;
 Baby in a high chair, too,
 Yelling for his dinner.
 Spoon in mouth; I think—don't you?—
 Baby "is a sinner."

Night! Chairs all set back again,
 Blocks and spoons in order;
 One blue shoe beneath a mat,
 Tells of a marauder;
 Apron folded on the chair,
 Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
 Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
 Little fat knees crinkled;
 In this crib, and conquered, too.
 By sleep, best evangel.
 Now I surely think—don't you?—
 Baby is an angel.

—Boston Transcript.

N. Y. CITY MISSION AND TRACT SOCIETY.

WE have received from the Secretary, Mr. L. E. Jackson, a copy of the volume entitled *Christian Work*. The book contains the fifty-first annual report of the Society, together with brief notices of the operations of other societies, church directory, list of benevolent societies, and statistics of population, etc. There is crowded into 147 pages the most exhaustive statement of the religious and benevolent work of New York, and it is therefore an invaluable volume for the library of every person interested in the philanthropic labors in New York. We heard one of the city pastors remark, that he could not do without the book. The City Mission Society is doing a very important work in the down-town district, from which the majority of the Protestant Churches have moved. By the means of chapels and Church organizations many people are being reached, who could not be by the up-town Churches. We commend the good work to all interested in the spiritual well-being of the masses. The office of the Society is No. 50 Bible House, where copies of the report may be had, and subscriptions will gladly be received.

THE progress of knowledge is like that of the sun—so slow that we cannot see it, but so sure as to change night into day.—Anon.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

CHRISTMAS DAY brought the youngsters home with a burst of joy and gladness ; all tender parental emotions gushed out to suit the time ; all the grown-up, world-weary people in the house felt that their innocent rejoicing would bring a new, purer atmosphere into it for these few fleeting days. It is not of the world we are weary ; we can bear its changes with philosophy, not the upsetting of the dinner hour ; the occupation of Plevna by the Russians did not disturb the calm dignity of our bearing on the street, but the possession of the house by giggling girls and uproarious boys drives us out in an ill-temper with gods and men. On other days in the year balmy peace descends upon the dwelling at 9 o'clock every morning, when they are off to school ; their father reads the *Tribune* over a late breakfast, and his wife chooses her dress for the afternoon's reception in calm, benign silence. Now, "that boy" is cracking butternuts over the drawing-room carpet, and a gang of his companions are sliding down the banisters shouting Sankey's hymns. There is a smash among the old Satsuma ware in the cabinet ; there is molasses candy on the door-knobs ; there is a sound of smothered wrath from the kitchen. What effect has a revolution in Paris on our nerves compared to this ? The offenders are called in and treated with patience, as rational human beings. Father and mother try to enter into conversation with them. What kind of strange lingo is this ? School nicknames, school jokes, hot zeal, the depths of despair, wild triumph concerning the veriest silly trifles. Presently the adult brains begin to ache ; they feel that it is a vain effort for the giant to accommodate his pace to the dwarf—and they banish the boys and girls out of sight, and try to put them out of mind.

Now the fact is that the children usually look forward to this home, and these talks with father and mother, with an odd longing, compound of a clinging to their old childish feeling and a sense that they, too, are now adults, fit to be companions. They go back to their rude fun, but the sense of slight and mortification is deep and abiding. They will grow with each holiday further away from us ; their habit of thought more alien, their confidence more difficult to gain. Just now, in these rare holidays, is the turning time in every young life. We have pushed them from our knees in the nursery to the care of teachers and the influence of outside companions ; it is they, not we, who are making men and women of them. If we would have any hand in the moulding, it must be done now. Don't nag your returned school-girl about her silly friendships, or her bad French accent ; nor worry the lad about his slips in grammar and legs sprawling in everybody's way. First, get close to the child's heart through his foolish confidences, and then breathe into it what true ennobling influence you will. Minor faults will disappear from the outside of the character as last year's dead leaves from the tree when the healthy blossoms come. But for the sap which gives life to this human tree you are responsible ; and that is your business now rather than old Chinese pottery, or receptions, or even the rise and fall of empires in Europe.—*Tribune*.

A LITTLE boy's first pair of trousers always fit if the pockets are deep enough.

AT THE PARTY.

UP spoke a little lady,
 Aged five :
 " I've tumbled up my overdress
 Sure as I'm alive !
My dress came from Paris ;
 We sent to Worth for it ;
 Mother says she calls it
 Such a fit ! "

Quick there piped another
 Little voice ;
 " I didn't send for dresses,
 Though I had my choice ;
 I've got a doll that
 Came from Paris, too.
 It can walk and talk as
 Well as you ! "

Still, till now, there sat one
 Little girl,
 Simple as a snow drop,
 Without a flounce or curl :
 Modest as a primrose,
 Soft, plain hair brushed back ;
 But the color of her dress was
 Black—all black.

Swift she glanced around with
 Sweet surprise ;
 Bright and grave the look that
 Widened in her eyes.

To entertain the party,
 She must do her share,
 As if God had sent her,
 Stood she there.

Stood a minute thinking,
 With crossed hands,
 How she best might meet the
 Company's demands,
 Grave and sweet the purpose
 To the child's voice given ;
 " I have a little brother
 Gone to heaven ! "

On the little party
 Dropped a spell ;
 All the little flounces
 Rustled where they fell ;
 But the modest maiden,
 In her mourning gown,
 Unconscious as a flower,
 Looked down.

Quick my heart besought her,
 Silently ;
 " Happy little maiden,
 Give, O give to me
 The highness of your courage,
 The sweetness of your grace,
 To speak a large word in a
 Little place ! "

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in *Wide Awake*.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ONE by one the names on our list of old friends are erased. Mr. Roosevelt has for years been one of our contributors, and was interested in every good work in the city. He was prominently connected with the State Board of Charities, and with the Bureau of United Charities of the City. Coming from a family whose early history is identified with New York, he has always been interested in the welfare of his native city. New York can ill afford to lose such a generous-hearted philanthropist, and we, in common with other societies, desire to lay a chaplet of regret on his grave.

READING maketh a full man ; confidence, a ready man ; histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtile ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

THE FOUR DIMPLES.

"A story, Aunt, a story!" and my quiet after-supper reverie was broken into by three noisy, uproarious youngsters; more clamorous for having been housed two days by a regular nor'easter and, as most people know, children at the end of two days spent in the house, are as uneasy as caged bears. I poked my soft-coal fire, and by its flickering light saw three pairs of pleading eyes, and three upturned, expectant faces, which were not to be resisted. So taking Alice and Ned up in my "big lap," as they called it, and with Master George leaning on the arm of my sleepy-hollow chair, I forgot for the time my own troubles, and patiently spun my yarn, and no busy spider weaving her fairy-like web had as attentive an audience as I.

"So to-night I shall tell you about a family of four Dimples; queer little people they are, laughing and playing all day long, never quarreling or running away from one another. Sometimes we think them quite deep, and that they really amount to something, when off they go without a moment's warning, and where they go to no one knows. I see them now"—and I glanced down at Alice's little pudgy white hand, resting on my arm—"they look like four well-behaved little people, although one is a trifle dirty, but that happens to the best of us, you know. At night these four dimples generally go to sleep, under a rose leaf, and, poor things! by seven o'clock they are tired enough, for their little mistress makes them come and go from sunrise till sunset. They are sitting on Alice's hand now"—never was fair lady's hand more carefully scrutinized than was wee Alice's. "Dear me! they have gone. What did you do with them, baby dear?"

But the children's curiosity was fully aroused, and they could stand it no longer, so taking the little white hand in mine, I solved the mystery. These four little dents right under Alice's fingers are called dimples, in the shade they are pink, in the light white; they come and go as she moves her hand."

"But, aunt, how do they go to sleep under a rose leaf?" asks practical Ned.

"Why, under Alice's cheek, to be sure. Doesn't she go to sleep with her hand under her pink cheek every night of her life?"

"Oh, yes, and have I got any?" ask the two boys simultaneously, as they search their brown fists for the treasures. "And where are yours, aunt?"

"Oh! mine have grown into knuckles, just as buds get to be roses, and kittens cats; and just as you little folks won't grow to be big healthy men and women unless you go straight off to bed," and off they all ran, leaving me alone with the fire.—*Laura Lawrence, in The Advance.*

CHANGE amuses the mind, yet scarcely profits.—*Goethe.*

O ELOQUENT just and mightie death, whom none could advise, thou hath persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hath done; and when all the world hath flattered, thou only hath cast out of the world and despised. Thou hath drawne together all the fame-stretched greatness, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—"Hic acet."—*Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World.*

"WHATEVER'S WORTH DOING IS WORTH DOING WELL."

<p>COME boys, and come girls, please list to my rhyme, And I'll give you a maxim of olden time; 'Tis worthy of practice, and practice will tell, "Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing well."</p> <p>Is a house to be built, or a string to be tied, A nail to be driven, or a million to guide; A question to answer, or word you must spell, "Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing well."</p> <p>Is a stone to be picked, or a field to be hoed, Reproof to be uttered, or rent to be sewed; Be it preaching a sermon or hanging a bell, "Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing well."</p> <p>Be it tending an engine, or wiping a dish, Be it writing a book, or catching a fish;</p>	<p>Embroid'ring a flower, or selecting a shell, "Whatever's worth doing is worth doing well."</p> <p>Be it making our laws, or printing our papers, Or watching the babe while he cuts up his capers; Or guarding the cows, away down in the dell. "Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing well."</p> <p>And so of all actions, from peasant to queen, Be it something unnoticed, or something that's seen; So large, or so small, the same story I'll tell, "Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing well."</p> <p>Be earnest, and thorough; let "make do" alone; Then o'er useless labor you seldom will groan; Take this for a motto, great hurry to quell, "Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing well."</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—Selected.</p>
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CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. W. F. BARNARD :

Sir—To day I thought I would send you a couple of barrels potatoes to the children, out of my humble means of which I am blessed to have, the next time I hope the Lord will bless me and I may be more able to give them more. Dear sir, there is one thing I will ask of you, that you will receive them, use, and say no more about them. Believe me to be always yours and theirs, truly
hoping to remain so.

NO NAME.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 19, 1878.

FRIEND BARNARD :

I have desired for many months to serve the Master through you, and help the good work in my feeble way, by sending you a package of hosiery, etc., as in former years. I am richer in these than in money, just now, and hope to send some this week, only wishing I could do more. But one important point we are sure of, the Master whom you so faithfully follow, will, in his own time and way send you all the help you need.

Very truly yours,

D. D. A.

FEBRUARY 15, 1878.

MR. W. F. BARNARD :

Please find enclosed \$5 for the work of your mission. God bless you in your labor of love, and so honor you that in the great day of account it may be your joy to behold many whom the Saviour has permitted you to lead to Him. I send a small bundle also, the contents I hope may do a little good.

As you will wish, as a matter of business, to acknowledge the money, you may say simply, "From a friend of the children," and I shall understand.

NEWTON, N. J.

MR. WM. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—Will you please devote the sum enclosed (\$1.00) to the children under your charge.

Very truly yours,

S. A. C. H.

FORT WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1873.

WM. F. BARNARD, Esq., *Supt. Five Points House of Industry, New York :*

Dear Sir—I send by express, prepaid, a box of sundries which may prove useful in your destitution of charity. With continued well wishes, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

J. H.

A FEARFUL RISK FOR GIRLS.

THE pastor of a church in one of our large cities said to me, not long ago : “ I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here and in every case, save one, I felt that the bride was running an awful risk. Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion. So, pure, sweet women, kept from the touch of evil through the years of their girlhood, give themselves, with all their costly dower of womanhood, into the keeping of men who, in base associations, have learned to undervalue all that belongs to them, and then find no repentance in the sad after years. There is but one way out of this that I can see, and that is for you—the young women of the country—to require in associations and marriage purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor. There is no reason why the young men of this Christian land should not be just as virtuous as its women, and if the loss of society and love be the price they will not pay it. I admit with sadness that not all our young women are capable of this high standard of themselves or others, but I believe there are enough earnest, thoughtful girls in the society of our country to work wonders if faithfully aroused. Dear girls, will you help us, in the name of Christ? Will you first of all, be true to yourselves and God ; so pure in your inner and outer life that you should have a right to ask that the young man with whom you marry shall be the same? The awful gulf of dishonor is close beside your feet, and in it, fathers, brothers, lovers, and sons are going down. Will you help us in our great work ? ”

On the first Sunday of last month the communion service was held in the chapel, under the direction of Rev. Dr. W. J. Tucker, pastor of Madison Square Presbyterian Church. Six adult persons were received to membership of the church. These services are under the auspices of the New York City Mission Society and the agencies at work here have been much blessed.

DUTIES are ours, events, are God's.—Cecil.

LITTLE JULIE'S FAITH.

A LITTLE bright-eyed German maid,
By pious friend's well taught,
One morning, after prayers were said,
Seemed lost in anxious thought.

"Fader, dear fader, tell me this;
How can a child like me,
That knows not what repentance is,
Be saved from misery?"

"My little daughter bring the Book;
To John's Epistle turn;
In the first letter we will look,
And there an answer learn."

"The second chapter," then he said,
And it was quickly found;

Together carefully they read
The thoughts that there abound.

Verse after verse no answer brought.
Till to the twelfth they came,
There was the very thing she sought,
And there, *her faith*, laid claim.

She clapped her hands; her childish brow
With sudden trust was clear;
"Oh Fader, I have found it now,
The answer is right here."

She feared no more, and God ere long
Did take her home to Heaven;
"For His name's sake," her faith was strong—
Her sins were all forgiven.

—S. E. B.

REMINISCENCE.

WITH this number of the RECORD we close our eighth year of Superintendency of the House of Industry and so of the editorial conduct of the Monthly. We can scarcely realize it is so long ago since we came into this field to work. We had previously been employed as an assistant for three years, so that, in all, our connection with the Institution (save for three months when sick) has lengthened out to eleven years. During these years we have seen between four and five thousand children in the Institution as residents, and more than eight thousand in the day-school. What a procession, if all were in line. What an opportunity we have had for exerting an influence for the Master over His Lambs. We feel that all our strength has not been expended in vain, and that the good accomplished has been considerable.

NETTIE'S DAILY BREAD.

A LITTLE girl, whose sick mother lived in a wretched attic, and one day had no bread, was very earnest in one part of her morning prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." Then she went into the street and began to wonder where God kept his bread. She turned around the corner and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

"This," thought Nettie, "is the place." So she entered confidently, and said to the baker, "I've come for it."

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said, pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for mother and one for me."

"All right," said the baker, putting them into a paper bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said, roughly; "where is your money?"

"I haven't any," she said, simply.

"Haven't any!" he repeated, angrily. "What brought you here, then?"

The hard words frightened the little girl, who, bursting into tears, said: "Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came."

The rough, but kind-hearted baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and he sent her back to her mother with a well-filled basket.

Nettie had faith in God; she asked, and expected to receive. Perhaps if some older persons had more faith in their asking they would have more joy in receiving. When we ask for daily bread, it is always our duty to do all we can to earn it or put ourselves in the way of honestly getting it. He is ready to fulfill all his promises, but we must be in the appointed path of duty and trust.

—*The Methodist Protestant.*

"HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON AT THE FIVE POINTS?"

was the query of a friend recently. Our answer was, we are not much troubled for work only for the means to pay for the work done. "Everybody feels poor," is the cry, and we are well aware of the fact. Still we cannot feed children or provide a shelter, etc., without money. If we had only a day-school it would be an easy matter to shut up and have our scholars crowded in elsewhere, but we must keep them under our roof and they must be cared for. Shall we keep on? Financial replies desired.

"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train, the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What's it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat. Yes, "What does it pull it for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The man on the engine." "What engine?" "The one in the front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told who what?" "Told you." "What for?" "Oh, be still you are a nuisance?" "What's a nuisance?" "A boy who asks too many questions." "Whose boy?" "My boy?" "What questions?" The conductor came through just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up to the station before we could get all of the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was, "What conductor?"—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Money Received for Record, from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1878.

Breisacher, Mrs. H.....	\$1 00	Johnson, A., Newburyport, Mass.....	\$1 00
Cheyne, Mrs., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1 00	Nickol, Miss G., Sag Harbor.....	1 00
Fuller, Mrs. E. A.....	1 00		

Money Received from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1878.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

A., Mrs. C. A., for special case.....	\$1 00	Nickol, Miss G., Sag Harbor.....	\$1 00
A. V. D. B.....	1 00	R. I. & Co.....	50 00
Brock, John R., New Bedford, Mass.....	1 00	Ross, D., Leith, Ca., for special case.....	5 00
Cash.....	18	S. B.....	200 00
Cash.....	50	S. E. W.....	100 00
Cash handed to Mr. Talcott.....	10 00	Thanksgiving collection, Feb. 3.....	5 32
Friend.....	15 00	" " " 10.....	2 73
Friend of children.....	5 00	" " " 17.....	20 08
G. G. W.....	5 00	" " " 24.....	27 42
G. M. S.....	5 00	Thanksgiving collection in the First Re-	
Hoyt, G. M., Danbury, Ct.....	10 00	formed Episcopal Church, Rev. W. T.	
H. S. B.....	5 00	Sabine, at a union service of that congre-	
M. C.....	1 00	gation and the Madison Ave. Reformed	
M., Mrs. B. N.....	5 00	Church, Rev. Wm. Lloyd's.....	40 50
New Lebanon S.S., Lebanon Springs, N.Y.	21 00	W., Gage, N. Y.	3 00

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1878.

A. V. D. B.....	clothing and shoes.	Garrity, Lucy and Helen.....	clothing and shoes.
Boston Button Co.....	lot buttons.	George, M.....	bag clothing.
Brown, Mrs. W. W., Buffalo, N. Y.,	box clothing.	Hervy, Cynthia M. G., West Bingham, Pa.,	clothing and 9 prs. new knit stockings.
Brown, Wm. Smith.....	pkg. clothing.	Howe, Mrs.....	clothing.
By Express.....	pkg. clothing.	J. H., Fort Washington.....	box clothing.
Clark, Mrs. C., Hinsdale, Mass.,	quilt and shoes.	Ladies' Sewing Society, Ellington, Ct.,	7 shirts.
Converse, Mrs. O. J. and Miss Kittredge, Hins-	dale, Mass., bbl. clothing.	2 skirts, 3 Sacques, 1 undergarment, 1 pr. stock-	ings.
Dixon, Miss.....	dress.	Nickol, Miss G., Sag Harbor, pr. new stockings.	
Duncan, James G.,	large lot bread and cake.	Unknown.....	½ bbl. clothing.
Durfee, Justin, and friends, Palmyra, N. Y.,	3 large boxes clothing and shoes.	Unknown.....	pkg. shoes.
Eagle, Mrs. Com.....	pkg. clothing, 1 iron bedstead.	Redpath, Mrs. S. H.....	2 pkgs. clothing.
Evening Sewing Class, 3 prs. new canton-flannel	drawers, 8 flannel skirts.	Rupp, Miss.....	pkg. clothing.
Fanshawe, Mrs. H. A.....	box clothing.	Strong, Selah B. Jr.....	shoes and hats.
Friend.....	pkg. clothing.	Suydam, D. L.....	pkg. clothing.
Friend.....	pkg. papers.	Talcott, Mrs. Edwin, Ellington, Ct.,	24 new aprons.
Friend, Brooklyn.....	pkg. clothing.	Zabriskie, Mrs. S. J.....	pkg. clothing.
Friend of the children, 22 yds. new calico, 2 knit	shirts, 1 pr. drawers, 1 chemise.	17 West 18th Street.....	clothing, toys, etc.
Friends, Amherst, Mass.	box clothing and shoes.	49 Fifth Ave.....	pkg. clothing.
Fuller, Mrs. E. A.....	clothing and shoes.	255 Madison Ave.....	clothing.

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